THE HARTFORD MUSEUM: Maurice Grosser

THE NATION

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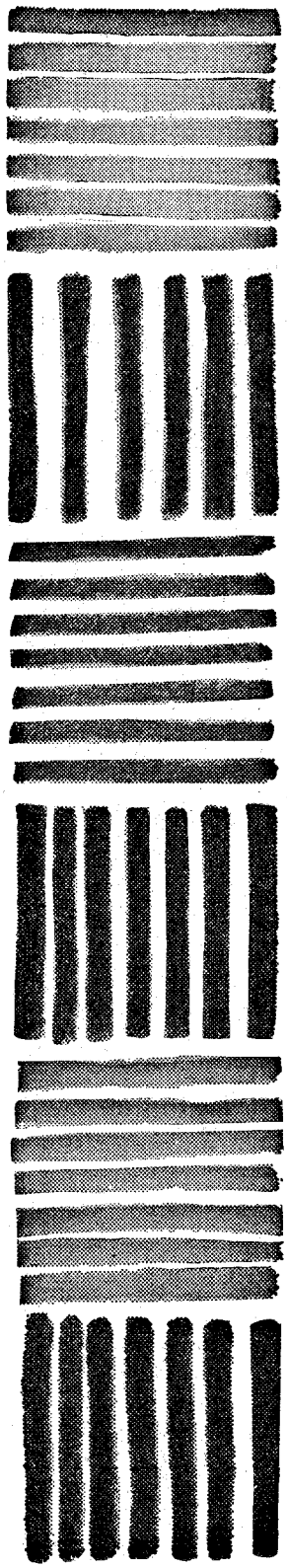

Canadian Messiah

THE DIEFENBAKER VISION

Ian Sclanders

Community vs. 'Neighborhood'

The Educational Park

John Barden

Detroit's Mickey Mouse

Myth of Driver Education

Edward A. Tenney

Gascar's Fiction by Richard Howard

The Sherrod Library
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LETTERS

Battered children

New York City

Dear Sirs: Your editorial writer ("More of the Same," Apr. 6) neither knows nor cares anything about the way medicine and the law intersect in real life. "Parents so abnormal," he says, "are unlikely to be deterred by legislation."

In one of the earliest stories on the battered child syndrome, I quoted Dr. Fontana in May, 1963, as follows: "Many physicians do not report them [beatings] when parents and children are involved. They're afraid of law suits and court involvements." I went on to quote Dr. Fontana as stating that the result . . . was a tragic *continuation* of beatings of the same child with the parents taking him to different hospitals. . . .

It is fine to be against poverty. But it is ridiculous to pooh-pooh legislation which, though not striking at the root of the battered child problem, should be of considerable assistance to those who want to save some infant lives here, now. . . .

Joseph R. Hixon, Science Writer
New York Herald Tribune

Good issue

Marvell, Ark.

Dear Sirs: The Webster Schott article on James Purdy, the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* review and other items in the March 23 issue of *The Nation* were so good and interesting that I am enclosing a check for one year's subscription. *Neely Orme*

Films of Mrs. Roosevelt

New York City

Dear Sirs: We are currently preparing a feature-length documentary film dealing with the life of Eleanor Roosevelt. In this connection, we are eager to view all available motion picture film footage and still photographs relating to Mrs. Roosevelt.

Anyone possessing such materials is asked to communicate with the undersigned, providing the fullest possible description.

Sidney Glazier Associates
300 East 46 Street

Editor's Note

Several readers have communicated with us, by phone or letter, to inquire if *The Nation*, as a publication, fully endorses all the critical judgments and personal references to individuals in the theatre contained in John Simon's review of *The Deputy* (March 18, 1964). The answer, of course, is — not necessarily or completely. We frequently publish reviews and articles which contain statements with which we do not agree, or which contain assumptions we do not share, or with which we are in only partial agreement. So, we assume, do all journals of opinion.

The 'impossible' accidents

San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Sirs: An Air Force official in the Pentagon wrote me a few weeks ago that my charges were not valid that our militarists are *irresponsible* in their disregard for the safety and lives of our own people and their children. He assured me that we have every control possible; our "accident" prevention is foolproof. . . . Less than four weeks later . . . a B-47 jet bomber taking off on a "routine training mission" near Jacksonville, Ark., crashed into a barn and spread flaming jet fuel across a 6-acre area. Richard Butler, age nine, was killed immediately and Gary Davenport, age ten, was taken to a nearby hospital where he died twelve hours later from "extensive burns." These boys had been riding horses which they had put in the barn just before the "accident."

But was it an "accident"? . . . At the end of January, I wrote President Johnson complaining about two 230-gallon tanks of jet fuel which were sprayed over the residential area of Hayward, Calif., when they fell off a T-33 jet trainer. . . . In the middle of February, I wrote him again requesting that our "civilian populace" receive some protection from our irresponsible military officials in the Air Force by establishing a regulation that no military aircraft engaged in "training missions" be allowed to fly over areas where children are playing and growing. To date, my request has been ignored. . . .

I have not forgotten the women and children I saw killed by U.S. weapons and "military personnel" on Okinawa in 1945. I will not forget the children killed in Jacksonville, Ark.: Richard Butler, age nine, and Gary Davenport, age ten. How much longer will "civilized" men and women allow these *irresponsible* militarists to murder children? . . .

Tom Brewer, M.D.

Rubber stamp elections

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Re: Ian Sclanders' "Politics: The Rich Man's Game" (*The Nation*, Mar. 2), why do we always seem to hedge about this matter? Our method of electing popular "representatives" is just plain *un*democratic. We do not hold *public* elections in our country. Rather, the public "rubber stamps" the more or less privately selected candidates of either major party.

Edward F. Nash

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Sell It

No one questions President Johnson's integrity or feels that he would use his great powers for personal advantage, but he could relieve the Federal Communications Commission, himself and his admirers of a great deal of embarrassment by immediately disposing of his — and the Johnson family's — television holdings. He would have been wise to do so when he succeeded to the Presidency. The fact is that the Johnson family fortunes are now tied up with the decisions of a quasi-judicial agency, the members of which are Presidential appointees. Mr. Johnson has not made any such appointments so far, but Commissioner Frederick Ford's term expires this June and Commissioner Robert Bartley's in June, 1965. If Mr. Johnson is re-elected and serves out his term, he will be in a position to appoint a majority of the FCC's members.

The necessity for some separation between the Johnson TV interests and the President was recognized when these interests were put under a trusteeship. What is needed, however, is not a separation but a divorce. The Johnson holdings are in litigation before the FCC. Decisions in the Johnsons' favor will enhance the value of the properties, which eventually will return to them.

President Kennedy converted his personal fortune into government bonds. President Eisenhower put all his capital into a trust, with the stipulation that he was not to know how the money was invested. President Johnson should act in the spirit of these precedents, and the more so because his case is a more difficult one.

By so doing, the President would be performing an incidental service of considerable importance. The whole question of conflicts of interests is to the fore at the moment, especially as it affects legislative bodies. Action by the President would set a salutary example for the Senate and the House. On that ground alone the President should sell KTBC-TV and his other interests in radio and television.

General Douglas MacArthur

Since I knew General MacArthur for only a brief three months while he was Supreme Commander in Japan, it may seem presumptuous of me to comment on him. I do so only because I bear witness to a side of the General that is little appreciated; it was opened to me in an unexpectedly understanding relationship.

On his invitation, I had come to Japan as a private citizen to assist the Japanese in protecting their new civil liberties. Challenged to transform a feudal, militaristic nation into a peaceful democracy, General MacArthur had embarked on what he called a crusade. I found at once in him qualities that a great military career had concealed — a profound commitment to democratic liberties, an instinct for the equality of peoples, a respect for the sensitivities of the defeated Japanese and a reformer's zeal.

Relations with the Japanese were so skillfully handled that they led into a veritable revolution. Popular forces were released for complete political freedom, for a democratic economic order with full trade-union liberties and a vast distribution of land to farmers, and for the emancipation of women. These among many other reforms shook up Japanese institutions from the Emperor to the police.

I witnessed the first test of the new order, under the new constitution renouncing militarism and establishing democracy, when the first election brought to office a Christian Socialist Prime Minister. This election won the General's warm approval, and the spirit that welcomed the results of a free election accepted the principles of civil liberties without question. Not once did I have reason to differ with the General. It is largely to his credit that Japan today has the most effective system for protecting citizens' rights of any nation outside the West.

General MacArthur took profound pride in the renunciation of war in the new Japanese constitution, remarking to me that it was a "shining example which all nations eventually must follow." Stanchly internationalist, he favored a peace treaty long before it came, with a Japan ready, he said, to join the United Nations: "The Japanese," he added, "have already joined it in their hearts."

On the personal side of General MacArthur, as revealed in my conferences, I found nothing to bear out the often-cited impression of vain egotism. He was ever responsive and considerate, as eager to listen as to talk. I heard from many that his appearance of vanity in public was in reality a mask for self-consciousness. He was eloquent even in private conversation, but a very easy man to converse with. His rhetorical public prose struck me as just a studied elaboration of his natural eloquence.

I am aware that General MacArthur impressed people quite differently, and doubtless he was a contradictory character. A friendly fellow-general once remarked to me that he had about him a bit of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. That may help explain his appeal to both reactionaries and liberals. But however one judges his historic role, none would deny the impressive impact he made on all by powerful human qualities: his deep dedication to whatever he undertook, his sense of justice, his high principles and his firm ideals. It was a privilege to witness their expression in the memorable days of his one historic civilian role. It was the role in which, as a man of peace, he said he hoped most to be remembered.

ROGER BALDWIN

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A Future for Alaska

On the Richter scale, the Alaska earthquake may have been no worse than the Chile disaster of 1960, or Assam in 1950, and the loss of life was almost miraculously low, but in the country's entire history no American state has ever been hit so hard. At a crucial point in its development, Alaska has sustained property damage of about $500 million. Fifty million in disaster relief has been appropriated; that is hardly more than a drop in the bucket, and it is further limited by existing federal law to restoring public facilities: schools, streets, roads, sewers, etc. The state has pushed through an authorization for a $50 million bond issue, a part of which will be used to protect the holders of outstanding public bond issues and so sustain the state's credit. Neither the federal nor the state measure can be used to assist individuals and corporations.

No one is at fault — except possibly some builders. Financially, there is no substantial insurance against earthquakes. The cost is about $5.75 per $100 per annum, and the companies generally insure for only a fraction of value — in contrast to fire insurance, where they try to sell full coverage. The way things go in a major earthquake is illustrated by the actual case of the Anchorage resident who at 4 P.M. on March 27 signed all the papers for the purchase of a home with a $40,000 mortgage. At 5.25 P.M., the house was entirely destroyed and the lot had vanished. Multiply such cases ten thousandfold, and the reluctance of the insurance companies becomes understandable.

It is silly to talk about loans. The people who have lost their homes, and in many cases the very ground on which those homes stood, are still in debt for what no longer exists. The Alaska banks are in no position to help homeowners who are now rubble-owners, nor can they replenish the stock of a merchant whose inventory was destroyed, together with his store.

Unprecedented situations call for unprecedented measures, and if the Alaska problem is boldly attacked it can be turned to advantage in future disasters. A government that throws money around on wasteful projects as Washington has done for the past twenty years need not boggle at half a billion dollars — an amount which South Vietnam swallows up every year. Senator Fulbright has called attention to the ease with which military budgets are whisked through Congress. Perhaps Congress can bring itself to act with equal alacrity in coping with Alaska's need.

One method would be to amend existing urban-renewal legislation to authorize the purchase of property at pre-earthquake value. This would make it possible to rebuild the ruined business and residential sections of Anchorage, Seward, Kodiak, Valdez and other stricken places. But a better possibility is to enact a measure which has been needed for a long time — a national disaster insurance fund which would enable insurance companies to provide coverage against major catastrophes at reasonable rates, since they would be able to obtain reinsurance from the federal government. Something of the sort was done with war-damage insurance in World War II, and there is precedence for retroactive application to benefit holders of ordinary insurance. No one should begrudge the Alaskans such assistance.

Wallace in Wisconsin

It was predictable that George C. Wallace would roll up a sizable vote in Wisconsin, but his actual total —some 250,000 out of roughly a million—shows that where the radical Right can be integrated with racism, a significant political force will emerge. The latter-day Junkers will be joined not only by the racially prejudiced, but by the mass of diffusely resentful voters. But it is unlikely that all the Goldwaterites, McCarthyites and Birchites in Wisconsin, plus the racists, plus the political morons, amount to anything like a quarter of a million. They must have been the nucleus for many voters of average mental capacity and good will. This last group can be detached if the errors of Wisconsin are not repeated elsewhere.

Governor John W. Reynolds waged a foolish campaign and, if he were the only one concerned, would deserve what he got. When Wallace came to Wisconsin, the Governor sent the gubernatorial limousine to the airport and extended other formal courtesies which, under the circumstances, could well have been omitted. Then he proceeded to go on a trip, leaving the field to the invader. When he returned, he was reluctant to take on Wallace, who argued that the issue was not segregation but the civil rights bill and the pre-emption by the federal government of the constitutional rights of the states. Former Governor—now Senator—Gaylord Nelson was eager to debate Wallace, but Reynolds said this would be an insult to him. Wallace held the initiative throughout.

Something else is involved here—television-image politics. Wallace is an astute, clever politician. He is quiet and ostensibly reasonable; he denies he is a racist. He projects well. Since his was a daring move and there was no drama on the Reynolds side, the TV cameras were kept on Wallace. The lesson is that in today's image politics the progressive side cannot afford to let a resourceful reactionary hog the scene.

The situation is serious, but it does not call for breast-beating. Wallace carried the heavily Republican districts that used to eat out of McCarthy's hand, he got the Goldwater vote, the Christian Front vote, and he did well in the Polish-American community of Milwaukee. These defecting Democrats are afraid Negroes may move into their neighborhoods, and this fear proved stronger than their Catholicism.

In the free-for-all Wisconsin primary, Republicans crossed over in droves. Where this is not allowed, Wallace will not have such an easy time. Now, of course, he is aiming at triumphs in the Indiana primary (May 5) and the Maryland primary (May 19). In these states liberals have a chance to cut Wallace down to size, but it will take money, command of TV and, above all, the will to fight.

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The Albany Cases

In August, 1963, a federal grand jury was convened in Macon, the first ever summoned to deal with civil rights issues in southwest Georgia. The announcement seemed like the best of good news at the time; over a period of two years there had been a series of church bombings, shootings, arrests and general violence directed against the Negro community of Albany, Ga., and particularly against the members and leaders of the Albany Movement. But the grand jury proceeded to investigate, not these incidents, but a case in which a market owned by a white man, located in the Negro section of Albany and catering to Negroes, had been picketed. The pickets said that the market was so treated because the owner refused to employ Negroes; the owner contended that the market was being penalized because, as a federal juror, he had voted against a Negro plaintiff. Nine persons were indicted by the grand jury on a variety of charges—interfering with a federal juror by organizing the boycott, obstructing justice, perjury, etc.

All nine defendants were active in the civil rights struggle in Albany; one of them, Slater King, is president of the Albany Movement. One of the defendants was Joni Rabinowitz, an Antioch College student — the only white person among the defendants — who had gone to Albany to work with SNCC. It was charged that Miss Rabinowitz had allegedly lied in denying that she saw the picket line at the market. Another girl, who resembles Miss Rabinowitz, was present at the picket line, and so testified. In addition, twelve witnesses, all Negroes, all active in the civil rights movement, testified in support of Miss Rabinowitz and corroborated her testimony. An attempt to change the venue was denied; a request to waive the jury was denied (in the case of Miss Rabinowitz); objections to the composition of the jury were also denied (less than 6 per cent of the general jury list was made up of Negroes, who constitute 34 per cent of the population, and not one of the seventy-two jurors involved in the trials was a Negro). Two of the defendants were sentenced to a year and a day; two were given five-year suspended sentences; Miss Rabinowitz was sentenced under the Federal Youth Corrections Act to from thirty days to four years; the others received varying sentences. As to Miss Rabinowitz, it seems clear she was included in the indictment by way of discouraging further civil rights activity by white youngsters from the North in southwest Georgia.

SNCC is currently circulating petitions asking the Department of Justice to confess error in the U.S. Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals to which the convictions have been appealed. We endorse that petition. (Copies of the petition can be obtained from Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, Room 902, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y., where contributions to the defense fund may also be sent.)

THE DIEFENBAKER VISION . . . . Ian Sclanders

Like disenchanted Germans wondering how Hitler happened, millions of Canadians are asking themselves what they could have seen in John Diefenbaker, who governed them from June, 1957, to April, 1963. They elected him three times, and once, in 1958, eagerly gave him the greatest majority ever bestowed upon a Canadian Prime Minister, putting his Conservatives in 208 of the 265 seats in the House of Commons. Relatively few know today why they did it.

Because it attempts to solve this riddle, and because there is still intense interest in the Diefenbaker phenomenon, *Renegade in Power: The Diefenbaker Years*, by Peter C. Newman, became the fastest selling and most hotly debated book in Canadian history (Bobbs-Merrill will be the American publisher). Canadians have bought 30,000 copies. In Canada, with a population one-tenth that of the United States, this is unprecedented. Yet the excitement exceeds the sales.

More than 150 reviews of *Renegade* have appeared in Canada, where not half that number of publications ordinarily review books. Diefenbaker has charged angrily that it is a piece of Liberal skulduggery. Walter Dinsdale, who was Diefenbaker's Minister of Northern Affairs, declared at a public meeting that it is "full of lies" and offered as proof of his charge the fact that it says he, Dinsdale, plays second cornet in a Salvation Army band for relaxation, whereas what he really plays is first cornet.

Americans are unlikely to get as excited as Canadians about the story of Diefenbaker, the messianic enigma of Canadian politics. But *Renegade in Power* will help them understand why President John F. Kennedy reportedly described Diefenbaker as a "son of a bitch" and why the Pentagon and the State Department interfered in Canadian politics to the unparalleled extent of precipitating the election in which Diefenbaker was defeated. It will also help explain why anti-Americanism in Canada, although by no means the entire blame could be placed on Diefenbaker, was more pronounced in his regime than it had been since 1911, when the Liberals campaigned for free trade with the United States and the Conservatives retaliated with an election slogan of "No truck nor trade with the Yankees."

According to Peter Newman, an outstanding Canadian political writer, Diefenbaker shrewdly channeled anti-U. S. undercurrents to his own political advantage. Ironically, while he was setting Canada against its neighbor he was also undermining his own country's sense of national identity: the state-owned Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, and National Film Board, and the privately owned periodical press, all were hurt by his policies.

Newman asserts that Diefenbaker antagonized Kennedy from the start. On his first visit to Kennedy

Ian Sclanders, a correspondent for MacLean's (Canada), is permanently stationed in Washington.

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at the White House, he saw in Kennedy's office paintings of U.S. Naval victories against the British in the War of 1812. He crowed that there were engagements the Yankees did not win and offered to furnish pictures of *them*. On a return visit to Ottawa, Kennedy gave Diefenbaker a list of items on which he sought Canada's help. Diefenbaker quickly scrawled "No" beside each of them.

At Ottawa, Kennedy mislaid a confidential memo from Walt Rostow, State Department policy planner, advising him to "push" Canada to back the Alliance for Progress, join the Organization of American States, increase its foreign aid, especially to India, and endorse stronger measures against Communists in Laos and Vietnam. The memo fell into Diefenbaker's hands. Instead of quietly sending it back, as protocol and courtesy demanded, Diefenbaker used it to browbeat the United States Ambassador to Canada, and threatened to make it an election issue.

But Kennedy had the last laugh. The Diefenbaker administration had agreed to equip certain types of weapons with nuclear warheads provided by the United States. Washington felt this was essential to defense. But when Diefenbaker sounded out Canadians, he sensed a firm sentiment against nuclear weapons, and reneged on the deal. General Lauris Norstad of the United States revealed, at a press conference in Ottawa, that Diefenbaker had, in effect, dishonored a treaty. There was a sharp Diefenbaker denial, and the denial led to a U. S. State Department statement

John Diefenbaker

that all but called Diefenbaker a liar. The statement shocked Canadians. It, plus the resignation of Defence Minister Douglas Harkness—a resignation that for practical purposes confirmed the American version of the affair — propelled Diefenbaker into an election and put his Liberal opponents in office. While the average Canadian did not welcome nuclear warheads, he felt his country had to keep its word, and he was no longer under the strange spell cast by Diefenbaker at the peak of his glory.

In 1958, when Diefenbaker still had what his followers labeled his "Vision" — a rosy and flamboyant dream of developing Canada's vast subarctic regions and creating great cities in the tundra and permafrost — Canadians were so carried away that hysterical mothers held their infants out to touch the hem of his coat. How did this mediocre politician manage to hypnotize his countrymen, even briefly?

Newman theorizes that, for a while, Diefenbaker possessed that rare quality of leadership sociologists speak of as "charisma"—the magnetism that enabled such diverse figures as Jesus Christ and Adolf Hitler to sway crowds. He demanded obedience to his Vision, a mission he felt was his. When the mission flopped, the charisma went out like a candle.

Diefenbaker, now in his late sixties, still clings to the Conservative leadership in Canada. He is too obdurate to step aside for a younger man and wholly unwilling to realize that he has no more chance of regaining Canada's Prime Ministership than Harold Stassen has of being President of the United States. Newman writes of him:

"No other Canadian politician in this century could claim the emotional conquest of a generation; yet no prime minister ever disillusioned his disciples more."

Community vs. 'Neighborhood'

THE EDUCATIONAL PARK . . . . . John Barden

Cleveland

Consolidation on campuses or educational parks is the ultimate solution for the big-city public schools. Neighborhood schools cannot handle the sore problems of integration, better standards, compensatory educational services, efficiency and economy. Since the problems must be solved and since consolidated systems can do it, they will be established. The process has already started at the junior- and senior-high levels, and complete consolidation is closer than people realize.

The neighborhood schools have already failed on the major social issue of the times, which is integration. *De facto* segregated schools are producing Negro children so sickened by second-class citizenship that no instruction in the segregated situation, however good, can cure them. Segregated schools are also producing white children plagued with diseases of mind and character that make them unfit for the American society. True, the schools have failed because most neighborhoods have failed. This, however, is no excuse. It is, indeed, the reason why the schools must now abandon the neighborhoods.

Cities grow inside out, with the poor in the central city, the rich on

John Barden is assistant to the president of Case Institute of Technology, Cleveland, Ohio.

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the periphery and, in between, the people on the make. Territories are successively pre-empted in the outward movements. Neighborhoods have been fought over quietly or noisily, sometimes violently. Still, there were always outward paths—well trodden by the feet of Irish, Germans, Jews, Italians, Poles, Hungarians, Slovenians and many other national groups.

Then came the Negroes, and on their heels the Puerto Ricans.

Suddenly the outward paths were blocked. Negroes cannot change color as the Irish changed their manners. The white neighborhoods are preoccupied, not with the sense of community, but with territorial integrity. Tribalism, parochialism, snobbery and segregation emerge. The fighting is suddenly for keeps. In its full savagery, the territorial idea is at the bottom of the deadly juvenile gang rumbles. Defending petty territory may be atavistic.

A major battlefield in this shifting territorial warfare in American metropolises is the neighborhood school. In Cleveland's Murray Hill neighborhood, a self-segregated Italian territory, the call went out to Italians, as such, to defend the Murray Hill School against United Freedom pickets. The issue was whether Negro children who were being transported to vacant rooms in that school were to be fully admitted to the school as if they lived in the neighborhood. The mob broke up automobiles, destroyed newspaper and television cameras, cursed their priests and howled for Negro blood. Blood, indeed, would have been shed had not the United Freedom leadership called off its pickets. The Negro children are now, to use a cautious schoolman's term, partially "diffused" in Murray Hill School. This solution was enforced by the Cleveland community. It may be the best solution that a neighborhood school can find, but how far short it comes of meeting the situation was made tragically dramatic earlier this month when a young Presbyterian minister, Bruce Klunder, died under the tracks of a construction bulldozer. He was taking part in a demonstration against the building of another ghetto school in Cleveland's *de facto* segregated school system.

In a wider sense, too, most neighborhood schools are not good places to bring up children. With the best administrators, teachers and students scattered geographically and unevenly or, more often than not, concentrated in a few good schools, the neighborhood system cannot achieve the overall standards of which it is intrinsically capable. When the best talent has been fragmented, it cannot help the lesser talent. Together, the best administrators, teachers and students instruct the mediocre and the worst; the mediocre instruct the worst. Under these conditions the worst and the mediocre get better, and the best learn much, too. Consolidated schools raise standards, not because they are bigger, but because they are together. They share the morale of the big-city community as a whole.

The neighborhood schools are inefficient and hopelessly expensive. Hundreds of schools located, neighborhood by neighborhood, over metropolises of hundreds of square miles, are incredibly wasteful. Precedent, too, affirms the advantages of consolidation. The consolidation of rural schools is almost complete, and great gains have been made thereby in instructional quality and impressive savings in money. Most junior and senior high schools in metropolitan regions are consolidated to a limited degree, with limited gains and savings.

Consolidation will proceed because it pays and because the necessities of twentieth-century public schooling demand it. Higher standards, integration, efficiency, economy and better compensatory educational services are collectively supported, for different reasons, by overwhelming majorities in all metropolises, cities and suburbs.

Good schoolmen, teachers and parents want higher standards of instruction. All Negroes, and some whites, influential beyond their numbers by reason of intelligence, religious conviction and general decency, want complete integration. All parents of slow children want better compensatory educational services. All taxpayers want efficiency and economy; they will want both even more when they come to understand at last how the neighborhood school has been robbing them. Together, what this majority wants it can have. It has the votes, the money, a near monopoly of the brains and the right of the matter.

This leaves, among the semi-articulate minority, the American Mom whose Jack and Jill go down the hill, tied by a silver cord, to the neighborhood school. Mother Goose and Philip Wylie have told us what happens to Jack and Jill. Perhaps the American Mom, formidable as she is, will be appeased when she sees what well-organized teachers, psychologists, social workers, nurses and physicians can do for her children at the consolidated school.

Consolidation can be accomplished in any metropolis sooner than even ardent advocates think. More than half of any big-city school system can be consolidated within three years. The school board sells its neighborhood school properties and applies the proceeds to the construction of a campus, or educational park, near a focus of public transportation. The value of the school properties, land alone, is high. Depending upon location, much school land is needed for industrial, commercial, hotel or high-rise residential uses, or for city playgrounds and swimming pools. The transfers, so far as they are to private ownership, create more taxable property in the city. The capital funds realized are used to build several multistory modern buildings for school grades one through twelve. A little neighborhood property is retained for nursery and kindergarten classes. The educational park is on urban renewal land, turned over to the schools at nominal prices.

At some early point, the quality of the school board, its schoolmen and teachers, will be revealed for all to see. Consolidation is no guarantee against incompetence. It is possible to reproduce, in skyscrapers or in a clutter of three-story boxes that consume the playing fields, the entire neighborhood school system as it is. The vision is unsplendid but not unthinkable or indescribable.

The thoughtless buildings are primarily composed of classrooms for one teacher and thirty-five pupils at all levels -- elementary, junior high and senior high. The expensive auditoriums are for assemblies and stand vacant most of the time. There are no lecture rooms. The gymnasiums have elaborate bleachers. What's left of the playing fields features a football stadium. The largest class is the 600-piece band. The libraries are hard to find, and their collections poor. The science laboratories, though much talked

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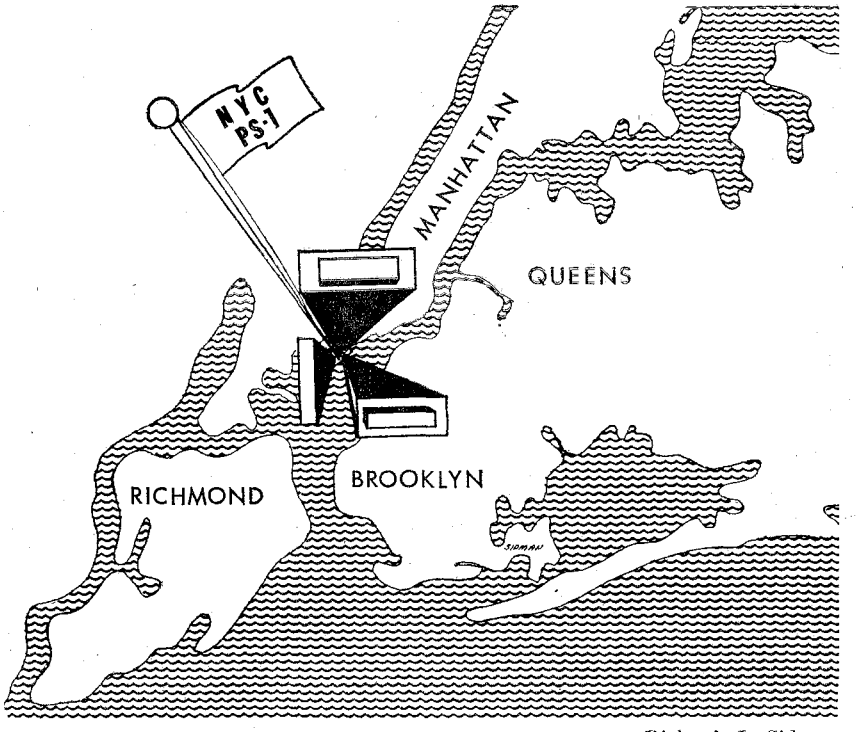
about, well-equipped and very tidy, are mainly for instruction in taking down the equipment, performing experiments to attain answers already in the lab book, then cleaning the equipment and putting it back by the numbers.

The superintendent's splendid office, the gaudy board room for his employers and the vast suites for his expanding staff reveal him as a statesman. The proliferating staff sees to it that the good teachers teach no more than thirty-five students and that the poor ones are undisturbed in their bad habits until they join the union or start behaving in accordance with NEA principles. Of the graduates 30 per cent attempt college, mainly the state university where 85 per cent of them flunk out.

Yet in even such a plant, under such a superintendent, the integration of neighborhoods and of whites and non-whites is total. There are important savings on heat, light, telephone, supply, secretarial, clerical, delivery, mailing, office, maintenance and repair services. Paying for the public transport of the elementary students will not offset the economies very seriously. Despite all the superintendent can do for the comfort of himself and his favorites, savings may run as high as 20 per cent. Yet the glorious alliance between economy and educational excellence founders on incompetence.

Every community winds up with the school it deserves. Still, the sad spectacle of lost opportunities has possibilities. One hopes that when a whole community can see a whole school system in one place, it will try to deserve better. The school board, administrators and teachers who think about what they are doing will come to sound conclusions about how major units of a consolidated school should be organized and built.

There has been sound thinking in university educational circles about the relationship between subject matter and teaching methods. Some aspects of history, literature, the arts, sciences and even the trades call for summation, inspiration, interpretation, demonstration and the point of view of a scholar. These arts of communication are almost wasted on thirty-five students. Teachers having such gifts and learning should be known and heard by every student. The size of their classes should be 100 to 1,200. The number is limited only by acoustics, visibility and discipline.



Richard J. Sidman

Projected Educational Park on Ellis Island

Classes of these sizes, properly distributed and amounting to no more than 10 per cent of the instruction, allow the other 90 per cent to be in small classes of twenty-two to twenty-three students. In the small classes, the relatively passive aspects of even good large-class instruction are supplemented by student activity — discussion, questions, problem-solving, recitation, running experiments, doing and making things and the like. Teachers who can make active learning exciting are as talented and useful as teachers good at large-class instruction.

Arguments about the limited span of attention of elementary school students are inevitably advanced to show that no large-class instruction is possible at that level. These arguments are unacceptable to anybody who has watched first-graders in a movie house taking in a solid hour of Disney films—or on the living-room floor taking in television. Teachers who advance these arguments are numerous, inexperienced in large-class instruction, and mistaken. Possibly, however, they can be moved by other considerations.

A proper distribution of class sizes in a public consolidated school can reduce teaching loads from five and six hours daily to four. This does not reduce the hours of instruction for students. The average pay of teachers can be raised from, say, $6,000 to $8,000 without increasing the payroll as a percentage of total budget. These advantages result when the comparatively few large classes adjust a little the teacher-student ratio. Yet 90 per cent of the classes will still be far smaller than most city public school teachers have ever had—classes of twenty-two to twenty-three.

The quantitative gains with respect to class size, loads and pay can be demonstrated by simple arithmetical calculations. When to these gains are added the intellectual advantages that result from relating subject matter to teaching methods and the objectives of formal education, the validity of doing away with the thirty-five pupil class at all levels becomes conclusive. Thirty-five is the ideally wrong number. It is too small for lecture methods and too large for the techniques of active learning.

Finally, many fundamental segments of learning are memory training. They are, in part, matters of drill, and should not be permitted to waste class time. The alphabet, the number system, the three-color system, the mathematical tables, vocabulary in any language including English, the grammatical mechanics of any language including

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English, balance-sheet concepts, the Periodic Table, Newtonian mechanics, the geological periods of time—the list runs straight through the educational system. Drill on such material is best administered by programed learning with books or machines, provided there is small-class follow-up. Programed learning, too, offers solid savings of teachers' time.

With one or two extra hours a day for their own thought, work and discussion, teachers need individual offices. This is unheard of in most public school systems, particularly at the elementary levels. Reduced teaching loads, however, amount to featherbedding unless they produce better instruction. Better instruction means more thought and work by teachers, and teams of teachers. Individual offices are an indispensable requirement in every unit of the consolidated school. They must be built into the units, along with the lecture rooms, the auditoriums designed for instructional purposes, and the classrooms for no more than twenty-five.

Last but far from least, the prime instrument, the most important visual aid, the central machinery of learning is still the book. Every unit of the consolidated school needs a library, with a good collection properly selected for the levels of learning taking place in that unit.

If all this sounds a bit intellectual, it is only because learning is for the mind. And learning is for all minds. One of the newest forms of discrimination against big-city children, especially Negroes and slum-area whites, is the theory that they are fit only for vocational education. This too often aims them where there are no jobs or will be none five years hence. Once set to ditch-digging, they are foredoomed in today's society. The well-conceived consolidated school does not tolerate this discrimination.

As follows from the central integration principle, the consolidated school invites everybody, Negro and white, to the highest learning at a rate in line with individual capacity. If one is slow, he is invited to persevere, perhaps in special units. Those who eventually find they cannot do the work may then, and only then, think about learning trades. And teaching trades is primarily the responsibility, not of the public schools, but of the industries, services and professions who do the hiring. The place to learn a job is on the job. There is no other satisfactory place.

Having thought through the problems, the school board is now in a position to consider the design, construction and cost of consolidated schools. Optimal designs can be drawn in several acceptable ways.

One way is to reorganize the system into units composed of 1,200 students, thirty teachers, and a principal with an assistant principal and a staff of six—usually a librarian, two counselors, a nurse, a secretary and a clerk. Elementary units are composed of the first to third grades as a unit, and the fourth to sixth grades as another. Upper grades are homogeneous, that is, an entire unit of seventh graders, eighth graders, and so on. There are compensatory units for the slow, the handicapped and the disciplinary cases, specially staffed. They are part of the consolidated school, however, and have no sense of being jailed, forgotten or lost forever.

A typical unit has thirty to forty small classrooms, the number depending on the amount of large-class and programed instruction appropriate at the level of the unit. Each unit has a lecture room for 300 and a library for 200, including booths for programed learning with books and machines. Each pair of units shares a dual-story auditorium for 1,200, built to instructional specifications including motion picture and TV presentations, and a gymnasium.

Using space allocations greater than those suggested in the literature, each unit will require approximately 94,000 square feet. Giving each its own floor, the base dimensions of the building, if square, would be a little over 300 feet, or about half again the size of a football field.

With the first two floors given over to superintendence, administration, cafeterias and a swimming

(Continued on page 397)

Conservation or Recreation

Our Swarming National Parks . . . . Kirke Wilson

The National Park Service is today in a peculiarly difficult situation. It was designed by Congress to serve a single purpose, defined as follows in the National Parks Act of 1917:

> *. . . to conserve the scenery and the natural and historic objects and the wildlife therein and to provide for the enjoyment of the same in such manner and by such means as will leave them unimpaired for the enjoyment of future generations.*

In the forty-eight years since areas for parks were first set aside, it is estimated, a billion people have visited the areas under the Service's jurisdiction. A second billion are expected to march through the parks in the next ten years, and what will then be left "unimpaired" is the point at issue. Increased leisure and mobility have freed the American public to visit its own country, and the result has been that all recreational areas, public and private, are being used far beyond even recent expectation.

The Park Service administers 191 areas totaling more than 26 million acres. This includes postage-stamp battlefield sites, historic buildings, national parkways, recreation areas, monuments and thirty-one parks. In the parks are preserved a variety of natural wonders, including caves, hot springs, glaciers, canyons and mountains, but an increasing pressure for the recreational use of these regions is forcing the Park Service to re-evaluate its role. It faces the prospect of jeopardizing its preservation function in order to serve a restless, destructive and ever-growing public.

Because of the social and politi-

Kirke Wilson has worked for the National Park Service in a variety of wilderness and protection jobs.

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cal implications of recreation, it is difficult to hold a firm line for conservation when the two goals confront each other. The public wants to see for itself the wonders of the United States, and it wants to have fun when it is on holiday. Yosemite National Park in California is an extreme example. Its spectacular waterfalls and cliffs were first set aside by Congress in 1864. The whole reserve covers some 1,200 square miles, but the Yosemite Valley itself, eight miles long and less than a mile wide, is the loadstone for most of the visitors. Fortunately, the beauties of Yosemite are largely granite and indestructible, but the presence of more than a million people annually in an area of seven square miles cannot but upset the biological community. The paved parking areas and the concession facilities, which include a barber shop, beauty parlor and several hotels, detract from the natural values and eliminate much of the wildlife. The flood of visitors forces the Park Service into projects which are incongruous with the setting and incompatible with park purpose. There are winter sports facilities at Yosemite and on the valley floor a golf course, surrounded by a high fence to keep wildlife off the manicured lawns.

The American public wants to be entertained in comfort. Its idea of recreation is to re-create in some exotic setting the situation from which it has just escaped. People leave crowded cities to camp in equally crowded campgrounds. Innovations in camping equipment and facilities are new ways to bring the city into the country. The demand for increased public recreation centers of great convenience and considerable luxury is felt in Congress, and that body passes it on to the Park Service.

In addition to the cry for packaged wilderness, the parks are subject to more subtle aesthetic pressures. Visitors want to see lush green meadows and clean, mature forests. Dead trees, although perfectly natural, offend camera zealots. The Park Service often removes the fallen timber. Fire scars are similarly displeasing, although often naturally caused. Fire is a wildlife and biological management tool. Many varieties of plant life depend upon it to germinate. The giant sequoias

The Western Sequoias

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of Sequoia-Kings Canyon National Park are impervious to normal fire damage. Indeed, periodic burning reduces competition from fir, cedar and pine and consumes underbrush which, if allowed to accumulate, could develop a fire in which even the sequoia trees might not survive. The efforts of the Park Service to control lightning fires have created a situation which could be disastrous for the very trees they are protecting.

Another area where the Park Service has allowed short-range recreational values to take precedence over resource management is forest insect control. In the Tuolomne Meadows area of Yosemite, deadly malathion has been sprayed by helicopter in an attempt to control an epidemic of the needle miner moth which has been destroying lodgepole pine. Applications of the spray in 1959, 1961 and 1963, may have eliminated the natural predators of the needle miner as well as upsetting the biotic community. In Sequoia National Park, and several surrounding national forests, large numbers of pine trees are being felled and sprayed in an attempt to limit an infestation of the pine bark beetle. The Forest Service, as distinguished from the Park Service, operates "multiple-use" areas, and pest control may be consistent with its policy; it is questionable within the parks. The insects are native to the area; the techniques used to control them are not. The question not sufficiently considered is whether the damage done by the control operation may not exceed that of the insect epidemic. The presence of control crews, with their access roads or heliports, is itself an intrusion upon the natural scene. The insects may be serving a biological purpose, and the well-intentioned "protectors" may be working against their own goals.

The most serious recent example of park damage in the interest of recreation was the mass extermination of fish in the Green River of Wyoming, Utah and Colorado late in 1962. Local authorities with federal approval planned to poison 445 miles of the Green and its tributaries upstream from Dinosaur National Monument. The purpose was to clean out native fish, preparatory to planting exotic sporting varieties such as the rainbow trout. A large reservoir on the Green River behind Ashley Dam had opened a new recreation area.

The Park Service, it is true, had expected detoxification efforts upstream from Dinosaur to protect aquatic life within the monument. But as it turned out, the steps taken were inadequate, and subsequent surveys showed that the poisoning had been effective throughout the monument. This area had been the habitat of several nearly extinct fish varieties. The effect on other forms of aquatic life is not yet known, but it can be assumed that relationships within the aquatic community have been altered.

Even the wilderness park ranger is an intruder. His basic purpose is to protect the park against the visitor and the visitor against himself. He serves to educate the visitor in wilderness manners. Yet the very presence of the ranger often encourages visitors to take chances or venture beyond their capabilities. Rock climbers stranded on sheer faces as well as housewives with inadequate footwear are rescued and evacuated. Several parks have helicopters on stand-by during the summer for fire suppression and normal maintenance work. These are on call for emergency work. The wide publicity which newspapers give spectacular helicopter rescue and recovery encourages irresponsibility among wilderness users. Helicopters have hovered over ledges and rescued whole troops of Boy Scouts stranded by their inability to read maps or follow country. This past August, in one Western park, a church group wandered away from camp over a pass and down to a lake. Finding they could not return over the same route, they sat and waited to be taxied back to camp by the ubiquitous whirly-bird. The *deus ex machina* aspects of the helicopter more than offset the protective justifications of the intrusion.

Recreation, however, is only a recent threat to the prescribed goals of the Park Service. The water and power groups are historical, and still powerful, enemies. In Glen Canyon, Arizona, a virgin desert wilderness is being flooded—much as the Hetch Hetchy, the Grand Canyon of the Tuolumne, was inundated forty years ago. Lake Powell will not only destroy Glen Canyon, it will also back water up into Rainbow Bridge National Monument, endangering the bridge itself by eroding canyon walls. In the Colorado River Storage Projects Act, Congress specifically prohibited the placing of any dam or reservoir within any park or monument. During the construction of the Glen Canyon Dam, conservation groups were assured that a restraining dam would be built downstream from Rainbow Bridge to prevent the backup of water into the monument. These assurances were not supported by appropriations and no barrier was built. The basic issue at Glen Canyon is not the effect of a reservoir on the monument, but the temerity of the Department of Interior in nullifying an act of Congress.

Tehipite Valley in the inaccessible back-country of Sequoia-Kings Canyon National Park, and Cedar Grove are glacially carved valleys having vertical granite walls and majestic domes that rival Yosemite. They are threatened by California agricultural interests. Spokesmen for the Kings River Water Association assure the public that dams and reservoirs would enhance the recreational values of both canyons by making them more accessible. This argument was used in 1913 to justify depleting America's natural heritage by flooding Hetch Hetchy, and is being used today to promote a road across the Sierra Nevada which would bisect the John Muir Trail that now crosses 212 miles of uninterrupted primitive country from Yosemite to Mt. Whitney.

Grand Canyon, the world-famous wonder of the park system, is being threatened by a variety of developmental schemes to store water or produce power. The recent Pacific Southwest Water Plan, proposed by Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall, is a five-state program for developing the lower Colorado River Basin. It is designed to coordinate existing federal and state efforts in a program of long-range, basin-wide water and resource management. The proposal includes several dams, power facilities, saline water-conversion units and programs for water salvage and recovery. The plan is integrated with a complex of resource uses, including recreation, mining and agriculture.

The one use which is slighted is that of wilderness. The mass rec-

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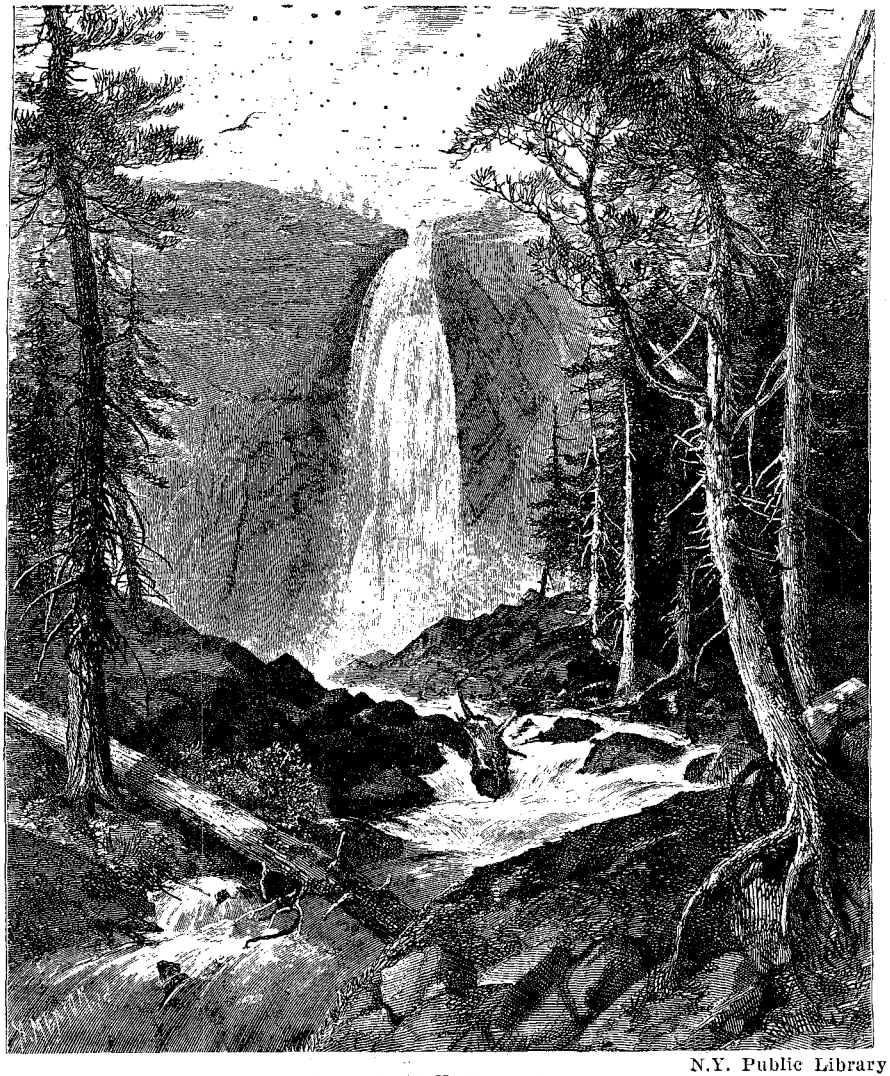

N.Y. Public Library

Nevada Fall, Yosemite

reation potential of the plan is in water-related activities. Power boating, water skiing, fishing, swimming and camping facilities will be developed to serve an expanding population. Integral to the plan are dams and reservoirs at Bridge Canyon and Marble Canyon, both on the Colorado River near Grand Canyon National Park. The adverse effects may include flooding thirteen miles of Grand Canyon National Park and twenty-seven miles of the adjacent National Monument. The river as it runs through the spectacular Grand Canyon of the Colorado with pools, rapids, plant and animal life, will cease to exist. The Kanab Creek Tunnel is another proposal to develop water resources at the cost of diverting the river from the Grand Canyon and significantly altering the continuing process of erosion which has cut the gorge over several million years.

The value of Grand Canyon National Park is the canyon itself. Any attempt to divert water through tunnels or to back water into the park by damming either outside or within the park is destructive. The 1919 act establishing the park subordinated land-reclamation use to the "primary purposes" of the park. The virgin canyon is that purpose.

Conservation itself is no longer controversial. Fifty years of public education have made the preservation of our natural resources an American axiom. The problem is too often the political one of what is to be conserved for whom. Unfortunately, unborn generations have no vote and aesthetic values do not compete in the market place with special interests. When a group can combine a water-development program with a recreation plan, it is hard to stop. Occasionally, as in the dispute over the proposed Echo Park Dam in Dinosaur National Monument, water interests can be defeated through the mobilization of conservation groups and public opinion. Too often, as at Glen Canyon, the battle goes the other way. Of all the Park Service responsibilities, the easiest to compromise and the most important is the preservation of wilderness.

If Old Faithful were the only object worth preservation in Yellowstone, it could be better protected and more accessible if moved to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. The value being protected in any park is not a single feature but a complex system of physical and biological relationships. This ecological community considers human beings an intrusion. By definition, wilderness must be inaccessible and undeveloped.

In practice, development often continues without any pressure of use. Mt. McKinley National Park in Alaska is the largest protected wilderness among the parks. It has been relatively free of recreation pressures, but now that it is a state Alaska wants to attract tourist dollars by developing its resources. McKinley has built a concrete visitor center and is in the process of improving the main park road. The old road was not a speedway but was adequate for enjoyment of the rugged beauty of this wilderness. Future plans include more reconstruction of the road, development of additional visitor and administrative facilities and trail construction. Rather than preserve this 2 million acre wilderness as it is, the Park Service is planning to make it more accessible and attractive.

In most wilderness areas, the park is surrounded by land under the jurisdiction of other agencies. The Forest Service and the Bureau of Land Management are concerned with conservation as only one among many uses of land. Thus, mining, live stock, water, timber and winter sports, with their access roads and supporting services, are often developed near boundaries of park areas. In Kings Canyon National Park, back-country wilderness which is isolated from the west by park land can be approached from the east through Forest Service land. This makes it possible to travel in one day from Los Angeles through the Owens Valley to high-country wilderness. The accessibility of the area seriously compromises its wilderness character.

Even when they pay lip service to wilderness values, the park authorities must compromise. In an

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official wilderness statement, the National Park Service said, "Every person who visits such areas [in which wilderness is the significant resource] is entitled to and should receive a wilderness experience." This implies a very odd definition of wilderness. The NPS concept of "threshold wilderness" — accessible by rolling down the window of a car —is good as long as it is not confused with the immediate confrontation of man and nature that is characteristic of wilderness. An artificial "wild atmosphere" created by painting all structures brown is not the same as a totally unimproved natural setting. Newton Drury, a former director of the National Park Service, states the case clearly:

> *The simple fact is that the natural forest is more satisfying, more inspiring, than the cutover forest; the virgin mountain meadow with its clean streams, wild flowers and native wildlife is more pleasing and interesting than the cow pasture, the natural streams and lakes . . . than the fluctuating reservoir. . . .*

Rather than continue to make policy by reaction, the Park Service should reaffirm its conservation purpose by regulating visitor use of wilderness areas. The most direct management tool available is trail maintainence, which can directly reduce or increase use of a specific area. In improved areas, the same methods can be used by closing roads or removing interpretative signs that identify overused features. The answer is not established camp sites and more rangers, but more unimproved areas and a thorough program of wilderness management. This can be accomplished through a clearly defined system of use zones, each with appropriate improvements and ranger services.

A core area would be designated as primitive or protected. It would have no maintained trails, developed campgrounds or ranger protection. Annual maintenance crews could patrol the area to obliterate trails, camp sites and garbage dumps. Surrounding the core wilderness would be zones of increasing visitor use and Park Service activity. In the peripheral park zones there would be auto camps, roads, concession and administration facilities. Whenever possible, these improvements should be removed from major park attractions. In Yosemite this has been partially effected by placing the park administrative area at El Portal, well away from the valley. In Dinosaur, Mesa Verde and Mt. Rainier the services are also being relocated in low-use areas.

Outside the park land, the Forest Service, Bureau of Land Management and state agencies will continue to regulate their lands toward their specific purposes. Thus, areas protected by the parks will continue to be surrounded by areas in which recreational hunting, water sports and winter activities will flourish. In this way, zoned use will extend through all public lands and all interest groups will be represented.

If the National Park Service is to follow its single purpose, it must cease to oversee areas which lack natural or historic significance. Therapeutic springs in Oklahoma and Arkansas should be ceded to the states or the National Institutes of Health. National recreation areas such as those at Lake Mead and Grand Coulee should be turned over to another agency.

The NPS is at the crossroads, and it can stand firm for preservation only as informed public opinion makes itself heard among the special interest groups which demand recreational development, reclamation and flood control. In their time, the timber baron, the mining engineer and the cattleman were never as potentially destructive as the recreation user of today. The Park Service must choose between mass recreation and preservation. It cannot have both.

Detroit's Mickey Mouse

The Driver Education Myth . . . Edward A. Tenney

For the past twenty-five years, the auto industry has declared its love for mankind by urging the school system of every state to put a stop to "the senseless slaughter on our highways." The means to this end is Driver Education, and millions of dollars are spent annually on its promotion. Despite the lack of any real statistics, the industry, which includes organized tourism and auto insurance, sturdily proclaims that among graduates of Driver Ed, accidents, injuries and death on the road are reduced by 50 per cent and more.

Our children will become good, safe motorists, the theory goes, by taking this course at thirteen in states which issue the adult license at fourteen. In other states, the course is given the year before the children become eligible for licenses. And it instills in its students such excellent vehicular manners that parents, relatives and friends learn safety by example. The child driver soon converts father and mother from their driving sins, and thus traffic prudence will spread until our whole society becomes immune to preventable accidents.

For the gist of the Driver Ed doctrine is that accidents do not happen; they are caused. Good people are rewarded by being safe; bad people are punished by suffering accidents which crush, kill, mutilate, paralyze and, on occasion, leave the evildoer idiotic for the remainder of his days. Those who die are memorialized in a pamphlet entitled: *The Dishonor Roll*, published by an insurance company.

Teachers and students alike recognize that this pseudo-religious talk and teaching is silly. There are various nicknames for Driver Education. It is called the "Mickey Mouse Course" because the safety movies show Mickey Mouse sprites tempting drivers to do good or evil things. It is sometimes called a "gut" course because it makes few demands upon intelligence, and a "frill" because it is said to be an ornament dangling from the regular curriculum.

But whether Mickey Mouse, gut, or frill, Driver Ed commands the

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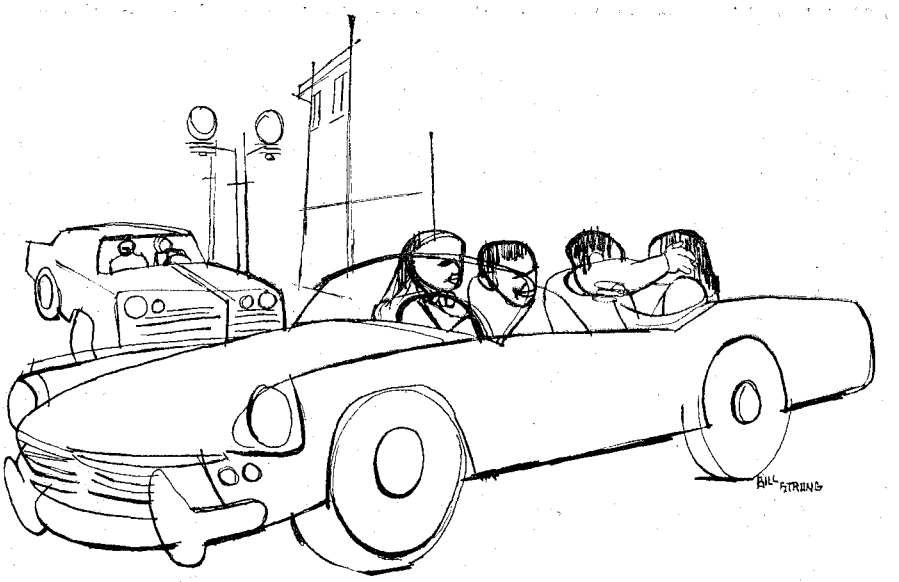
respect neither of the faculty which teaches it nor the children who are taught. No responsible scientist in or out of high school or college, no important figure in any part of the country, no leader of integrity or eminence, asserts that the course as presently taught from one end of the country to the other has any ascertainable effect upon the death rate, or upon the accident rate, or upon the violations rate or upon the character for good or evil of the children who take the course. According to Dr. Leon J. Goldstein of the Division of Accident Prevention in the U.S. Public Health Service: "No conclusions can be drawn as to whether driver education is or is not effective."



The endlessly repeated statement that it reduces accidents and injuries by 50 per cent is patently false, as the statistics clearly show. Although many millions of our children have now been "immunized" against preventable accidents, and although these millions now saturate the driving population in the 15-24 age group, the record of this group shows no substantial improvement. In the decade 1952-62, according to figures of the National Safety Council, the 15-24 group increased the number of us which it kills per 100,000 from 38.5 to 39.7. In the 25-44 age group the rate declined from 24.8 in 1952 to 22.5 in 1962. In other words, the group which had less exposure to Driver Ed improved more. The teen-agers become deadlier by the year. In 1958, they (7.2 per cent of United States drivers) had 12.5 per cent of all auto accidents; in 1962 they (7.1 per cent of the whole) had 14.7 per cent of these accidents. Nationally, 6 per cent more of us were killed in 1962 than in 1961, and again 6 per cent more in 1963 than in 1962. We boosted the number of dead by motor accidents from 38,091 in 1961, to 43,400 in 1963. In a period when Driver Ed should have been pushing the number of deaths steadily down, they were going steadily up.

The most startling illustration of this tendency is to be seen in Michigan. The state has long boasted of its semi-compulsory Driver Ed law which issues adult licenses at 16 to children who have taken the course. Children not so taught cannot obtain licenses until they are 18. Each year the state receives a medal and citation because it enrolls 100 per cent of its potential child enrollment. Michigan once boasted of its intention to have the best traffic safety record in the nation: "The state which is first in autos should also be first in safety." In the years 1962-63 motorized deaths in Michigan rose from 1,529 to 1,847. The national rate rose 14 per cent in that time; Michigan's rose 20 per cent.

Among a good many close observers of safety the impression grows that the Mickey Mouse course may actually be one cause of the increase in traffic deaths. The *American Legion Magazine* has published a substantial study of teen-age death and accident rates which compared states with much Driver Ed against states which had little or none. The latter had lower rates. A report by the Texas Board of Insurance shows that, of the insured group studied, those who had been exposed to Driver Ed had 12 per cent more accidents than those who had not.

Why, in the face of such evidence, do the propaganda drums continue to boom for Driver Ed? Why does the old myth that traffic deaths and injuries are reduced by 50 per cent continue to appear in the press? Why is it that when a school board calls a special meeting to consider dropping Mickey Mouse, the room is jammed with his ardent admirers, armed with charts and pamphlets to show how large are the cash savings to everyone, how wonderful is the decline in juvenile delinquency?

Actually there is no mystery. Those in the safety business know that Driver Ed is a branch of Consumer Ed; and that though the value of Driver Ed may be unproved, that of Consumer Ed is beyond question. The motor car needs to be made into a status symbol at the earliest possible age. Every leader in auto insurance, in auto making, in auto selling, in trucking, in tires and in dozens of associated businesses, including the National Safety Council, the American Automobile Association, the National Education Association now knows, or ought to know, that the propaganda for Driver Ed goes on, not because it has any detectable power to save lives, but because it is the cheapest kind of advertising. It pays off by getting adult licenses into the hands of children.

Twenty-five years ago the leadership of this massive industry may have believed that a genuine scientific discovery had been made and that it really might give as much as 50 per cent immunity against traffic accidents. Perhaps these industrialists really felt that money spent on this alleged discovery was genuine philanthropy. Time would tell—meanwhile they were certain that they would be tapping a great new market.

Driver education really put the children on the road by giving them licenses, by dispelling the fears of their parents, by making the auto a teen-age status symbol. Thus as Driver Ed expanded so did the sale of cars, gas, oil, tires, insurance, motel rooms and accessories.

But now that time has shown that children are not immunized to

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any discernible degree, one might suppose that the leadership in this industry would acknowledge the fact and act accordingly. Quite aside from injury and death, it is common knowledge that access to cars harms children intellectually by diverting their attention from their studies, morally by exposing them to the unchaperoned temptations of liquor and love, socially by developing superiority complexes, economically by keeping them in debt, physically by depriving them of exercise. If General Motors, Ford, Chrysler would now stop sending fleets of new cars into the schools each fall by way of their dealers, school boards might send the old cars to the junkyards and stop exploiting the children.

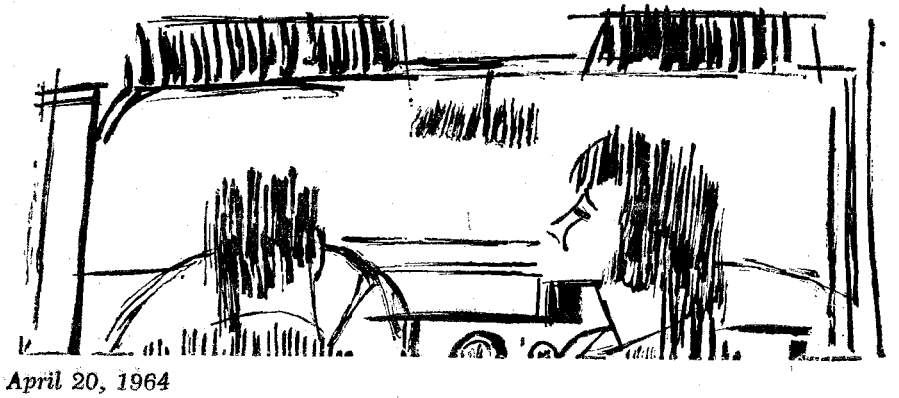
But only an old-fashioned American idealist would really expect any such responsible leadership from the automobile industry. Having, perhaps unwittingly, sold a bill of goods in the name of safety and having persisted in selling it for the profit, having thus established a reputation as a lover of safety and a protector of youth, the industry is in a tight spot. If the facts became known, Detroit might be accused of callous disregard for the welfare of American boys and girls —and that, to put it mildly, would be bad public relations.

General Motors appears to recognize the spot on which it so gingerly sits. It has undertaken an immense advertising campaign on the theme, *General Motors Is People.* This almost idiotic slogan appears inspired by the desire to make people believe that a warm heart beats deep in the corporate bosom, that G.M. is really concerned with the general welfare.

Many safety-minded people remember how smug General Motors was when in 1956 it outsold Ford. That was the year when Ford emphasized safety and G.M. dazzled the public with chrome and charm. As G.M. boasted later, "Ford sold safety, but we sold cars." Some observers hold G.M. primarily responsible for the failure of American auto makers to produce a safe car, one designed to "package the occupant." Such a car, we are told, can be built and really might reduce deaths and injuries by 50 per cent in ten years' time if its principles were universally adopted. But such a car exists only on the drawing boards of the safety engineers.

Instead of joining with Ford in 1956 in an intense competition to see which corporation could produce the stronger, safer car, G.M. sold charm, speed and danger, and shortly thereafter put on an advertising campaign for Driver Ed with the slogan: "The Cars Are Safer. The Roads Are Safer. The Rest Is up to You."

We are told that the removal of Driver Ed from the schools would drastically reduce the number of drivers and produce a recession so intense as to frizzle your hair. Children, it is true, are great consumers of second-hand cars, and assist greatly in the process of dynamic obsolescence—i.e., they drive them into the ground or smash them into scrap. But the removal of Driver Ed from the schools would produce no recession provided the auto industry awakened to its own responsibility. This responsibility is, first, to put on the market a full range of models designed primarily for the safety of the occupant. And, second, the responsibility is to educate the people to use them. If the leadership accepted this obligation, the National Safety Council, The National Education Association, The American Automobile Association would fall in line and a real safety movement would get under way.



(Continued from page 391)

pool, an air-conditioned consolidated school 44 stories high will house forty-two units with 50,000 students, 1,250 teachers, forty-two principals, and 294 subordinate administrative personnel. The cost, generously estimated, will be approximately $100 million.

Nobody is insisting upon 44-story skyscrapers, even with plenty of fast elevators stopping at every fourth floor. The same purposes, with perhaps greater economy, can be served by two buildings of 22 stories, four of 11, eight of 5 and 6, or sixteen, four of which are 2, and twelve are 3. The availability of land will usually be the governing consideration.

Three buildings of the 44-story dimension, as an example, would house at a cost of $300 million the entire Cleveland public school system, whose present buildings stand on land that is worth approximately $250 million. Rough calculations suggest it would take twelve such consolidated schools for Chicago at a cost of $1.2 billion, and twenty-seven for the five boroughs of New York City at a cost of $2.7 billion. The latter, it has been suggested not entirely in jest, should be principally on Ellis Island, which the federal government is trying to give away, and the rest on suitable heights near the docks of Staten Island. New York children would report to the docks nearest their homes and go to school in hydroplane harbor ships doing 75 mph in the open stretches, a form of busing that has probably not occurred to the Reverend Galamison.

Residence halls with dining and recreational facilities in high-rise dormitories for single teachers and administrators should be associated with the educational parks. Twenty-year funds can be borrowed and repaid in rentals. High-rise residences for married teachers and their families can be built and managed by private enterprise on educational park lands leased or sold at profitable prices. They should be locally tax-free and rent-controlled.

These are big changes. Yet they are only technological, and every metropolis in the United States can accomplish them, beginning now. Still, they will do so only when they must. Few men move readily to so much thought, so much work. Big changes call for big men.

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BOOKS AND THE ARTS

The Unreluctant Dragons

THE TRIUMPH OF CONSERVATISM: A Reinterpretation of American History, 1900-1916. By Gabriel Kolko. The Free Press. 344 pp. $7.50.

James Weinstein

Those who are committed to the view that during the Progressive Era (1900-1916) and again during the New Deal, our large corporations suffered temporary eclipses of their political power, will be disturbed by Gabriel Kolko's *The Triumph of Conservatism.* For the idea, as expressed by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., that "liberalism in America has been ordinarily the movement on the part of other sections to restrain the power of the business community" is here effectively and brilliantly challenged. If this book is taken as seriously as it should be, and if Kolko's findings are integrated with the approach and theses in the last sections of William Appleman Williams' *Contours of American History,* a new school of American historiography will emerge and those concerned with effecting humanist social change here will be given a powerful intellectual tool.

Kolko demonstrates that by the early 1900s, businessmen — especially the leaders of the large corporations and banking houses — looked to the federal government for protection and regulation. In turn, the leading politicians of the Republican, Democratic and Progressive parties, "in virtually all cases," resolved those problems on which popular agitation had focused *in the manner advocated by the representatives of the concerned business and financial interests.* Further, he argues convincingly that political intervention into the economy "was frequently merely a response to the demands of particular businessmen."

Kolko does this by tracing the relations between Roosevelt, Taft and Wilson, consecutively, and the House of Morgan, the Rockefeller group, key men in such trusts as the International Harvester Company, United States Steel, and in various packing, insurance and other industrial companies. He also traces the legislative process that led to the passage of the Federal Reserve Act and the Federal Trade Commission Act in 1914, and examines the subsequent staffing and operation of these agencies, thereby making clear the continuity of basic attitudes toward regulation in the three administrations.

Of major importance to Kolko's vision of the interplay between business and government is his analysis of both the Progressive Party under Roosevelt and the Democratic Party under Wilson. The Progressive insurgency against Taft had two sources: a group of neo-populists, led by Robert M. La Follette, Amos Pinchot, Harold Ickes, et al., and a group of business leaders opposed to Taft's ineptitude and annoyed by the breakdown of the *détente* agreements worked out between Roosevelt and several of the large trusts during his administration. When Roosevelt decided to run against his former protégé (Taft), the formation of the Progressive Party was made possible only by the financial backing of George W. Perkins (former Morgan partner, architect of the International Harvester Company, director of United States Steel and other financial and railroad companies), with the support of Frank Munsey and Dan Hanna, both powerful businessmen. Perkins and his associates accomplished two things by making possible Roosevelt's third party. First, they placed the issue of acceptance and regulation of the trusts at the center of the 1912 campaign. Secondly, they gained control of the neo-populist movement and succeeded in making clear the difference between a program of "social reform" and the socialism of Debs, thereby greatly reducing the appeal of socialism among a wide range of middle-class reformers. This latter point Kolko only hints at, but it seems clearly to have been in the minds of Roosevelt, Perkins and other corporation Progressives at the time.

In examining Wilson's ideology, Kolko argues that the distinction between the New Freedom of Wilson and the New Nationalism of Theodore Roosevelt was largely rhetorical. It was the product of campaign imperatives, that is, of the need to differentiate between the Democratic Party and the Progressive—and, in part, to conciliate the Bryan wing of the party. Further, he shows that Wilson's very nomination represented a triumph

Ruby Daggett

She, a woman of abrupt features,
Cocked an eye this way and that. Another
Decade went by. She sat still in her place,
Looking out at the alley from the bookstore.
She was the mistress of rich indices.
Who came, who went, who was in, who was out
She noted, impersonal above the day's charges.
Chocorua jumped from the cliff, the cash register struck.
Another decade passed, she sat erect.
Before she knew it another would come and go.
She, a women of abrupt features,
In a small space, looking out at the alley,
Encyclopedic among files, ensconced,
Let vision flow over the peaks of time
As over the mountains of imaginative reality,
Watching the people and books come and go.
Ledyard cut his canoe, carved an archipelago.
She was like a peak. She was distant,
Who was always present. She was stalwart,
Like mountain silence. And she knew,
Take care of the day and the day will take care of you.
Roosevelt rolled up a ramp at Marlborough.
Ike beamed. Kennedy rolled up his sleeves on the green.
She knew the scent of books, as intimate as age.
In ink she supected a waft of sage.

Richard Eberhart

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over Bryanism and a victory for the large corporation Democrats of the East such as George Harvey, Thomas Fortune Ryan and August Belmont. Wilson's great legislative triumphs in 1913 and 1914 — the creation of the Department of Labor, the Federal Reserve Act, the FTC and the Clayton Act — were all either acceptable to business or, as in the case of the Federal Reserve and the FTC, the fruits of a legislative process begun in the Roosevelt administration of 1905-1909. As finally created and as staffed by Wilson, both these agencies met the basic requirements and desires of the businessmen or their attorneys who had written the earliest legislative drafts.

Kolko allows that some business elements could always be found in opposition to federal regulation, but he criticizes historians who have "relished in detailing such opposition." There was, of course, no monolithic common interest among all capitalists but, as Kolko stresses (and as some recent business historians have ignored), there were power centers among capitalists; small-town bankers or hardware dealers cannot be equated with the leaders of top industrial financial and railroad corporations. Kolko demonstrates conclusively that the latter had intimate connections with key figures in the Executive branch of the government from 1900 to 1916, as well as with leading members of the House and Senate. He concludes that "effective, working oligopoly and price and market agreements became operational in the dominant sectors of the American economy" during the First World War. Thereafter, in the 1920s and 1930s, business and the federal government continued to use the "foundations laid in the Progressive Era to stabilize and consolidate conditions within various industries."

Unfortunately, Kolko examines only the major economic reforms of the period and fails to examine the full range of social and political reforms. He deals almost exclusively with regulatory legislation and agencies, emphasizing the immediate, narrow motives of the businessmen involved. In so doing, he misses a great deal of the complexity of the business leaders he describes and of the Progressive Era — an era remembered as such precisely because of the different social forces which were in a constant state of tension and flux.

This narrowness of approach leads Kolko to begin his book with a chapter in which he argues that economic reform was motivated by the fact that most trusts were unsatisfactory: they did not capture an increasing portion of the market in their respective industries, and efficiency and profit levels did not rise above average. His point is not well taken. The desire for monopoly control and for increased efficiency of production were not the primary reasons for the formation of most trusts. The Harvester Company, for example, was formed in order to free the largest companies in the industry from ruinous competition in the sales of farm equipment and to simplify and strengthen sales organization, domestic and foreign. In both aims the Harvester Company succeeded, increasing its foreign sales in its first ten years from $5 million to $50 million. Similarly, U.S. Steel was organized to eliminate competition among the largest steel producers and to gain control of, and stabilize, sources of ore and coke, as well as to make a killing on watered stock. It is true that competition still existed in steel after the merger, but it is equally apparent that U.S. Steel held a preferred position in the industry.

Thus, in seeking reforms businessmen were certainly interested — as Kolko maintains — in rationalizing the trust system and in stabilizing industrial conditions. But in the Progressive Era, as again in the 1930s, they were also concerned with the preservation of large-scale industrial capitalism itself. Marcus A. Hanna, steel magnate, powerful politician and first president of the National Civic Federation, made it clear in 1903 that it was his aim to establish "a relation of mutual trust between the laborer and the employer," and thereby to "lay the foundation stone of a structure that will endure for all time." Not all businessmen were as far-sighted or grandiose as Hanna, but even as narrow-minded a man as Samuel Insull recognized by 1909 that it was only a matter of time before regulation of utilities would be brought about. Knowing this, Insull preferred to "help shape the right kind of regulation," rather than "to have the wrong kind forced upon" him.

Kolko, then, underestimates the impact of the anti-corporation Left. He does not take into account the extent to which reform was motivated by the desire *to head off more radical action* at the hands of the Socialist Party or of neo-populist Progressives (under the leadership of such men as La Follette, Frank P. Walsh, Tom Johnson of Cleveland, Samuel Jones of Toledo, Frederick C. Howe, George L. Record, Lynn Frazier and others). The combination of these forces, had it occurred, could have meant much more severe regulation than that initiated by the businessmen. This was why Roosevelt told the leaders of the National Civic Federation that he wanted to see "radicalism prosper under conservative leadership" in such a manner "that the progressive people will not part company with the bulk of the moderates."

One reason for Kolko's minimization of the role of the Left in determining the character of the Progressive Era is his belief that "no socially or politically significant group tried to fashion an alternative means of organizing industrial technology in a fashion that permitted democratic control over centralized power, or participation in . . . decisions in the industrial process." It is true that the neo-populists offered no comprehensive alternates, but functioned on an issue-to-issue basis. The Socialists were not, and did not view themselves as immediate contenders for power. Nevertheless, both groups were concerned with democratic control of the industrial process, and both represented potential alternatives.

Victor Berger, for example, argues that if, through participation in struggles to improve the workers' lot, Socialists could bring the workers to a consciousness of their "mission" to transform society, socialism might be achieved in his time. Ralph Easley of the anti-socialist National Civic Federation admitted that Socialist and neo-populist agitation had led the more sophisticated businessmen to understand that reforms that had once seemed like socialism were entirely compatible with capitalism. But for Berger the question was where the process would stop, and whether the system was flexible enough to meet ever-increasing Socialist demands. The question was by no means answered during the Progressive Era.

The Socialist Party — a mass, popular force during that era — not only exerted constant pressure from the Left. It also served to train and give ideological direction to a host of future leaders of more immediately suc-

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James Weinstein, an editor of Studies on the Left, *has published articles in the* Political Science Quarterly *and the* Journal of Southern History.

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cessful radical movements, such as the Nonpartisan League of North Dakota and Minnesota, and the Farmer-Labor parties of Washington, Minnesota and Illinois. During the Progressive Era, as Kolko has proven beyond doubt, it was business and financial leaders who shaped basic legislative and Executive policy, or at least defined the limits of reform. But as long as a radical opposition survived (at least until 1924), these men could not rest easy. Again, in the nineteen thirties, the Great Depression raised the question of the survival of our system. Like the Progressive Era, the New Deal was a period of minor social reform, the limits of which were set out by the most sophisticated politicians and big-corporation liberals, with the explicit purpose of bringing the Left and the labor movement into a consensus under their leadership. The Socialists had understood this tactic and avoided its pitfalls during the Progressive Era, but during the New Deal the Left was absorbed in the consensus. The legacy of that second period was a liberal conformity in which the Left lost more and more of its influence and bargaining power until, after the Second World War, it disappeared entirely.

Kolko's book contributes greatly to a clarification of this historical process. Its limitations, though not unimportant, do not seriously reduce the value of the book or the magnitude of Kolko's accomplishment, which is very great. He helps us to understand the underlying nature of American liberalism, which means to understand American politics in this century.

Mr. Kolko's book, Wealth and Power in America *(a study of poverty, originally published in 1962) has just been reissued by Praeger in a revised paperback edition ($1.95).* ED.

Full Circle

THE FUGITIVE. By Pierre Gascar. Translated by Merloyd Lawrence. Little, Brown & Co. 319 pp. $5.

Richard Howard

Pierre Gascar's unfashionable fiction has been stuck, in America, with the label "lyrical" ever since the appearance of *Beasts & Men* (six tales and a novella) in 1956. But the effusive skylark is far less appropriate a totem for that book than, say, the carrion crow. The singing is a grim business in M. Gascar's opera, and predictably, critical reaction has been cautious. An orthodoxy of contemporary letters insists that prose must not usurp, must lie below the tension of the lyre; we mistrust a prose that has designs upon us for its own sake. Consequently, publication here of Gascar's two brief novels — really extended metaphors, as I propose to show, rather than novels as the genre is commonly understood—did little more for the critical image of this author than add the tags "imaginative" (*The New Yorker*) and "haunting" (*The Saturday Review*). Those works, *The Seed* (1958) and *The Coral Barrier* (1961), were separately praised, but their consecution has not been remarked. A number of short stories have since come out in magazines, and a new collection is announced for the coming season. *Beasts & Men* and *The Seed* are presently available in a single paperback; we also have, now, M. Gascar's newest and longest novel, *The Fugitive,* which has already been called "philosophical" by the *London Times Literary Supplement.*

There remain, in French, a play, three studies of India and China written for UNESCO (the work on India, of which a fragment appeared in an *Evergreen Review* a few years back, is comparable in precision and resonance to Michaux's *Barbarian in Asia*), a long essay on Chambord (to be published here next year, with pictures), no less than three other volumes of short stories, and a treatise on the discontents of our civilization accurately titled *Vertiges du Présent.* Altogether a considerable *oeuvre.*

And an ambiguous one, oscillating from work to work, even paragraph to paragraph, sentence to sentence — between experience and myth, happening and history, moment and meaning. At first it seemed easy, the tales were just *there*: a persistent cat, mad dogs, horses, rats, slaughtered cattle, dead Jews—images of otherness, inalterably alien. In Gascar's animal world, nothing is linked to anything else, relations do not grow, except in violence. They are merely *given,* until blood and the death that turns men into animals compels our recognition:

> *At any moment, the beast's nature can change: we are at the frontier. The horse can be mad, the sheep rabid, the rat cunning, the bear ruthless: secondary states which give us a glimpse into an animal hell, and in which we recognize, with an astonished sense of kinship, our own tortured likeness, as in a scratched mirror.*

Once posited, the evidence of this imagery enables Gascar to institute his dialectic. The antitheses are presented, the ranges in which the values are to be located: accident and idea, chaos and choice. The fine thing is that Gascar has so splendidly filled Conrad's severe prescription—to render justice to the visible world—that he can afford tremendous risks in the direction of meaning. For the danger is always that meaning will simplify and ultimately supersede the world. The remarkable thing about Gascar's unprocessed poetry is not that it becomes a *moralization* but that the moralizing is *merited* by a rendered experience. The word has been made flesh, and the flesh has been judged.

In *The Seed,* a narrative of dispossession whose orphan hero achieves a loveless selfhood against lowering odds, this tension between concrete presentation and abstract comment is at work even in contiguous paragraphs:

> *I remember encounters with plants that were as vivid as meeting another human being, artichoke leaves, shaggy as night creatures, fig leaves that spread a persistent itch on bare legs; I knew the tall coruscating leaves of sawtooth grasses, the scratchy thistle, the melancholy mist of pollens.*
>
> *Life sought me out relentlessly with glimpses of suffering and darkness. In the church I learned of death; in the fruit I found the stone; leaves showed me their poisonous underside. In spite of everything, I believed in God, in the spring, in life. And I believed in peaches.*

Gascar's next novel resumes his project on a different scale, in another key. In *The Coral Barrier* (which has strong affinities with two Italian novels, Dino Buzzati's *The Tartar Steppe* and Ennio Flaiano's *The Short-Cut,* both versions of the loss of self in terms of geographical and political alienation), Luigi, the central figure, comes from Milan to work

Richard Howard, a translator from the French, is working on his second book of poems; his first was Quantities *(Wesleyan). He writes criticism for* The New Leader, Partisan Review *and* Poetry.

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in a Somaliland bank during the last days of the Italian protectorate, on the eve of the African nation's independence. His hopeless affair with a Somali girl is paralleled by his inability to commit himself to the country; indeed, every detail of this story —the girl's clitoral extirpation, the overpowering grip of landscape and weather—is offered as an incapacity for engagement:

This was a land of exile, exile behind the coral reef that cut the city off from the highroads of the sea, the exile of the wind whistling through dry plants, the exile of the sand blowing in thin streams across the burning flagstones, the exile of animals dazed with hunger and thirst as they crossed the naked frontiers, the exile of love in chastity, of Italy in the desert, and finally, Luigi's exile in this black girl.

Yet the general effect which I am describing, the duality of raw experience and the meaning assigned to it or wrung from it, has only in part to do with such particularizations. Starting from the minor unit of the sentence and the paragraph, in *Beasts & Men:*

He began to skin the lamb . . . pulling the whole skin towards himself and I realized that animals live inside a glove.

Gascar has gradually achieved, in the administration of his dialectical metaphor, a structure that on the level of each work offers a perfect representation of the relations between accident and necessity, chaos and sense, which obsess him. This structure is one of reversion inscribed in the dimension of time. Like a snake swallowing its tail, the later novels at their end devour their own beginnings, so that their action is forced into an arena annulled, canceled out by the very process of the book. We get a kind of false time, outside of real life, an experimental interval in which the "meaning" happens. In *The Seed,* for example, the childhood recited and allegorized is an elided period, an exile discarded by the nameless boy, examined so minutely only to be dismissed in the last paragraph as a disease:

The approach of summer found me taller, more solitary, and living for my imminent departure as if for the end of a long illness.

Again, in *The Coral Barrier,* the hero's stay in the Somali capital—the locus of action—is acknowledged to be futile, unreal: it might as well never have happened, so little does it affect anything outside itself in the destinies of the characters and the country:

Already. Seabirds outdistancing the ship, glorying in space and the profound happiness of leaving everything behind, of leaving only a memory in the hot city where, once the ship has disappeared and the tears have been swallowed, everything goes on as before: the same dust along the ground, the door still marked with fingerprints, still warm from the sun, the same voices rising outside in the evening air; the same windows open on the night and the weariness of those you have left behind, who sleep with clenched fists, living your death.

Now, in the furthest, finest articulation of Gascar's enterprise, *The Fugitive,* reinforcement of the structure both on the local, verbal level and in the overall design has become so integral to the writing, "transfigured so together," as Hippolyta says, that the novel "grows to something of great constancy . . . strange and admirable."

Allowed only a first name, denied a past, the unidentified fugitive Paul has escaped from a Nazi prison camp where, like M. Gascar himself, he had been interned throughout the war now coming to its close. Defeated Germany is enduring the *drôle de paix* between the capitulation of her forces and the partition by the Russian and American armies described in the later parts of the book. These early chapters, presented in terms of mediated nightmare, are what we have come to recognize as pure Gascar: the flight through the woods, the rescue by a German girl, the impossible love affair:

He knew that she could, perfectly naturally, and without any desire to do harm, betray him, collaborate in his undoing, in spite of all promises, in spite of love, simply because that was the way it was, because Germany was always there; one had only to look around to find it again, with its black woods, its green fields, and behind the hills, its regiments arriving in a stream of flags.

While the girl Lena's Nazi father is in hiding, Paul, rehabilitated by the Americans, marries her and persists in his dreamlike idyll to the point of satiation; we are reminded of Gracq's *Balcony in the Forest* with its suffocating atmosphere of Wagnerian twilight and unbearable suspense. When the father returns, Paul fakes death in an accident, assumes a German name—the symbolic resonances of these doings are made very explicit — and embarks across

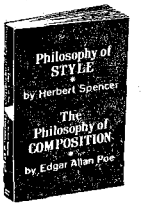
Pumpkin

After the pollen powdered yellow flower
under fan leaves, under thick palms
on far watery stems
lying passionate yards out
deep in summer gone,
the pumpkin heaves
big belly and thigh
up from the brown grass —
August's ghost, whose smart orange sun
smacks the frost dark field.

Thick skin, full of seed,
every shell has Peter's wife —
gold ripe rind, unkept mealy flesh
boiled in the pot for vegetable or pie,
or, in the long warm autumn oven,
baked into custard and crust;
the salted seeds toast like nuts
while the outer shell stands by.

Every part used, teeth carved,
smile carved hollow as a gesture,
her crooked candle eyes
haunt at the doorstep.
A gala one night flame glows
through the brief mask;
most orange in that persona,
she burns alive as that wry artifact.

Rosamond Field



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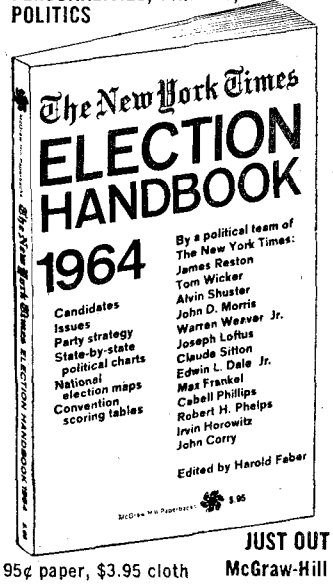

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Germany, a mad Germany of the mind, the monster that subtends the famous "miracle of recovery," his adventures taking him from Munich to Berlin, from an ideological flirtation with communism to capitalist corruption by the black market. Exhausted, he is driven to return to his first asylum:

> *For a few days he would again become a fugitive, discovering the silence of the forest and, in the wings of history, the eternal childhood of the world. This freedom, postponed for so long, had to come, sooner or later. . . .*

It comes, of course, only as death. In the novel's final pages, the mirror image of its first ones, Paul arrives at Lena's house in the woods by night and is shot as he might have been shot when we opened the book on the first episode of his escape. The fugitive has come full circle, and even more transpicuously than in the earlier novels we realize the meaning of this expression as a compositional principle in Gascar. The process of the novel *takes place* between parentheses, is literally *beside itself*, so that the entire substance of the book, exiled to its surface, may have been the dream of a maddened, self-imprisoned Frenchman. If so, reversing Goya's celebrated dictum, the dream of madness produces reason.

ART

HUNTINGTON HARTFORD'S IVORY TOWER

Huntington Hartford's new Gallery of Modern Art, at Columbus Circle in New York, with its rectangular façades on a run-around colonnade, its aspiring proportions and its meticulous finish, calls to mind both the Doge's Palace and an ivory tower. It is svelte, elegant and beautifully put together. There are six exhibition floors (reached by elevator), the upper three for Mr. Hartford's own private collection, the lower three for loan exhibitions of exemplary representational painting—at the present time a retrospective show of Pavel Tchelitchew.

Unlike the Guggenheim Museum, this museum's more conservative planning provides ample wall space for pictures. But the floors are small, made smaller still by the necessary stairs and elevators, and there is little room for visitors. On the midweek afternoon I was there, the narrow corridors between the galleries were packed like Macy's at Christmas, while in the galleries themselves the visitors stood immobilized, craning over one another's shoulders for a glimpse of the exhibits. As a museum for a university or a small city, it would be admirable. But it is not roomy enough for its metropolitan situation, or for its unexpected popularity.

The ivory-tower aspect of the building is underlined by Mr. Hartford's own collection; only in an ivory tower could such a collection be termed a gallery of modern art. Its real prototype is the old Musée du Luxembourg —a collection of more or less distinguished late nineteenth-century names, but with the paradox that anything which might point toward our twentieth century is excluded.

The names themselves promise a great deal: Degas, Monet and Courbet, along with Landseer and Gustave Doré. But the Degas—a copy of Poussin's *Rape of the Sabines*—is a student piece, with good passages but apparently finished by another and less skillful hand; the Monet is large, early and indifferent; and of the three Courbets, only one is presentable. Landseer was an admirable painter, as anyone knows who examined his less popular works, but the picture here, a hunt scene, is not one of the good ones. And Doré, however entertaining as an illustrator, was an execrable painter—a statement which the enormous portrait here of a gray-fleshed Sarah Bernhardt with her dogs does nothing to disprove.

There is a good Daubigny—a landscape—and a dreadful one—a *Fisherman*—in his worst French Salon style; a fair Mary Cassatt; two big late Corots of some women under trees; an uninteresting Boudin; a big, bright-colored, and by no means successful Vuillard of Mme. Tristan Bernard; some Innesses, not the best; two appalling British *Cows* in detailed calendar style; a largish and unpleasant Gericault; two gaudy and laborious Sir John Millais; a brilliant Sargent portrait and a dull one; a large and prissy Puvis de Chavannes on the subject of St. Geneviève, apparently the sketch for the mural in the Sorbonne; two large and inept oils in a tea-canister style supposedly by the

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early nineteenth-century Chinese-influenced Englishman, George Chennery; and a portrait by Robert Henri of Fay Bainter in a Japanese role, hard and vulgar enough to have been done as a cover for *Red Book*.

Along with all this there are nevertheless some worth-while rarities — paintings by Burne-Jones, for example. Two of these, *The Marriage of Psyche* and the *Laus Veneris*, are scarcely expert enough to excuse their preciosity. On the other hand, the eight panels which recount the Perseus legend, whether one likes them or not, are a complete and major work by a mature painter and, of the kind, unique in America. The Bougereau is one of the best to be seen—a nude girl with lovely, live flesh tones. And the Gustave Moreau—of Salome dancing before Herod—is as good as anything in the Moreau museum in Paris. There is a Colorado mountain by Thomas Moran, pioneer of the U.S. Geodetic Survey and painter of mural-sized Western landscapes, who badly needs rediscovering; and back among the more reputable names, a life-class study by Toulouse-Lautrec—called *Le Polisseur*—which any museum would be proud to own.

And of course, there are the Dalis, two huge, recent ones—a *Battle of Tetuan* and *The Discovery of America*. Both exhibit the unpleasant quality, so common in Dali's works, of having been painted from black-and-white photographs. *The Discovery* is perhaps the less disorganized of the two, but both seem quite at home in their Victorian company.

It is somewhat astonishing to find here so thin a collection. Any of the pictures, come upon unexpectedly in a friend's house, would charm and amuse. Hanging together here, they lack museum presence. Nor can it be said in their defense that excellent pictures are no longer to be had. People die, collections get dispersed, pictures reappear on the market. For example, one of the finest of all the Degas is today for sale in New York City. And in addition, new painters, from the past as well as of the present, are constantly brought to light. To build a fine collection takes money and time; it also takes the help of someone who has an eye. The Havermeyers had Mary Cassatt. Huntington Hartford, perhaps, had only Dali.

The Tchelitchew retrospective is a great deal more interesting than the permanent collection. It is admirably complete, with more than 300 paintings and drawings, from the stage designs and proto-Cubist work of the painter's Berlin days; the works in gray and brown and sand and coffee grounds of his early Paris period; the neon colors of his middle years: down to the mathematically schematic wire-spiral heads of his last period. The two big pictures—*Cache-Cache*, on loan from the Museum of Modern Art of New York, and *Phenomena*, on loan from the Soviet Union — are there, supplemented by innumerable studies for both works. There are portraits, drawings in all media, water colors, stage and costume designs, a complete and revealing record of one of the most astonishing talents of our time.

He was undoubtedly the finest draughtsman of the epoch and one of the most sensitive portraitists. Anything to do with people—acrobats, clowns, friends, children—he did superbly and with ease. His sense of color was less perfect. Safe enough when he confined himself to dull tones and to textures, the color in his brighter pictures seems more decorative than essential, applied as an extraneous ornament, like the tinting on a photograph. His imaginative powers were immense and varied, and he was a master of the stage and of stage design. His single figures, his simple still lifes, his unadorned portraits are incomparable; witness his *Sleeping Spahi*, or the torso of a tattooed acrobat lent by Zachary Scott. The very fecundity of his fancy sometimes flaws his more elaborate pictures. The *Portrait of Peter Watson*, for instance, has a wonderfully serene and tender head, but the pale blue armor which clothes the body — a joking reference to Sir Galahad — detracts from the work's seriousness. Similarly, his *Mme. Bonjean*, a handsome seated figure, is inexplicably flanked by a pair of trapeze artists drawn in a different scale; and though they are beautifully executed, they have little relation to the rest of the picture.

Nevertheless, this very superabundance of fancy was responsible for his most impressive works. It culminates in the two great epic pictures: *Phenomena*, wherein the whole modern world as Tchelitchew saw it is described in terrifying and grotesque symbols, and friends and enemies with their vices and passions are depicted as side-show monsters; and *Cache-Cache*, a sort of Arthur Rackham tree of children—not fairy-book children but grubby, violent and willful, a horrifyingly other race.

The show is a little uneven, as such shows as this are bound to be, and here and there are elegances a little strange because now out of style. But the humane sensuality and imaginative power of the work have not gone out of style at all and remain today as moving and arresting as when they were first expressed. Pavel Tchelitchew was one of the great talents of the first half of our century, perhaps the most brilliant of that small group of painters calling themselves Neo-Romantics, who for a while in Paris in the '30s successfully opposed abstraction. It is about ten years since his death. This is the first tribute that has been paid him worthy of his stature.

MAURICE GROSSER

Mr. Grosser, himself a painter of reputation, has written extensively for The Nation *on artists, collectors and museums.*

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THEATRE

THE LOWER DEPTHS
SPONONO

Having seen Gorki's *The Lower Depths* in at least ten productions—American, Russian, English, French, German and Japanese—I could not help thinking as I watched the one now being given by the A.P.A. at the Phoenix about Max Beerbohm's review of the play when it was first done in London.

The "incomparable Max" found it repellent. It was grubby naturalism, something no person of refined sensibility could abide. We remember artists by their virtues, not their failings: Beerbohm was hopelessly mistaken. *The Lower Depths* is a noble play. It transcends its grime more triumphantly than does Genet.

Gorki was intimately acquainted with the low life of his time. (The play's première took place in Moscow in 1902.) He "hit the road" early in his life; so he really knew the impoverished wanderers, the derelicts, the forgotten men, the prostitutes, the human debris which proliferated in old Russia to an ignominious degree. The use of the play's particular personnel—the denizens of a flop house—was no literary choice on Gorki's part.

The picture is savagely painful. Yet, despite the abject nature of the characters, their cruelty and removal from any possibility of alleviation, one is made to feel kin to them, they become all mankind. This is a depiction of humanity by a writer who was immersed in it, one who succeeded despite every wound and humiliation to retain his faith in it, to struggle on its behalf.

Gorki suffered the ache of existence a hundred times more intensely than any of the dramatists of the absurd (ridden chiefly by a sense of emptiness, life having lost its savor, even its bitterness) and yet his response is affirmative, not from pleasure but from a true contact with experience. Gorki was not "civilized" enough to be world-weary. He is profoundly Russian with the encompassing manliness of Gogol, Dostoevski, Tolstoy, Chekhov—all of whom for our time must be regarded, apart from ephemeral politics, as *revolutionary.*

Some may sneer at such key lines as "people live in the hope of something better" and may consider the thief's drunken exaltation sentimental when he cries out "Man—is truth." But look closely at each of the play's defeated persons: the dispossessed nobleman who says, "It seems to me that all my life I've done nothing but change clothes"; at Vaska who became a thief because from childhood he was called one; at the locksmith, crabbed and ugly because his ethic extends no further than his lousy job; at the unimaginative cap maker, sunk, except when in his cups, in the draining dullness of commonplace facts; at the cringing religiosity of the landlord or the sharp common sense of the woman who sells meat dumplings; at the whore who conjures up a past from cheap French novels; at the alcoholic actor, cut off from the stage and no longer able to remember lines from his favorite plays; at the Mohammedan Tartar sustained and dignified by a fundamental morality. Do not these figures and the others including the canny "pilgrim" Luka, compose a canvas bodying forth a complete world?

All the values of this giant drama cannot be realized by an inspired college performance, which is what the A.P.A. gives at the Phoenix. Yet for all those who have never seen or who have forgotten the play I do not hesitate to recommend the production.

Sponono by Alan Paton and Krishna Shah (Cort Theatre) may not be running when this notice appears. It was received by a lukewarm press. Yet for all its self-evident faults—its primitive simplicity, its mixture of modes, its roughhewn acting—it interested me much more than most of the slicker stuff on Broadway. It had character and meaning; it grew from ground richer than Shubert Alley.

It was originally produced by Union Artists, a nonprofit organization whose members were trained at a center for non-European (colored) actors, the first of its kind in South Africa.

Like *The Lower Depths, Sponono* takes place among the insulted and injured: in a reformatory "school" in a Johannesburg township. It begins as naked realism and turns in the last act to a ritualistic symbolism: a sort of morality play. All in all, this is "new" theatre in the sense that some of the contemporary Israeli plays are "new"—the first shoots of a still embryonic culture.

What *Sponono* says is that one cannot preach the mysticism of total forgiveness on the one hand and practice a pragmatic "eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" justice on the other. And this is precisely what the Christian world of the West does, to the confusion and dismay of simple souls who become involved with it. The naive challenge of *Sponono* is arresting.

Its production is uneven; still the plainness of the acting hits home in a way the much more polished "emoting" of our players often fails to do. There is greater physical freedom in the *Sponono* cast, a rough spontaneity, a lack of self-consciousness; one feels oneself in the presence of an event rather than of a "show."

HAROLD CLURMAN

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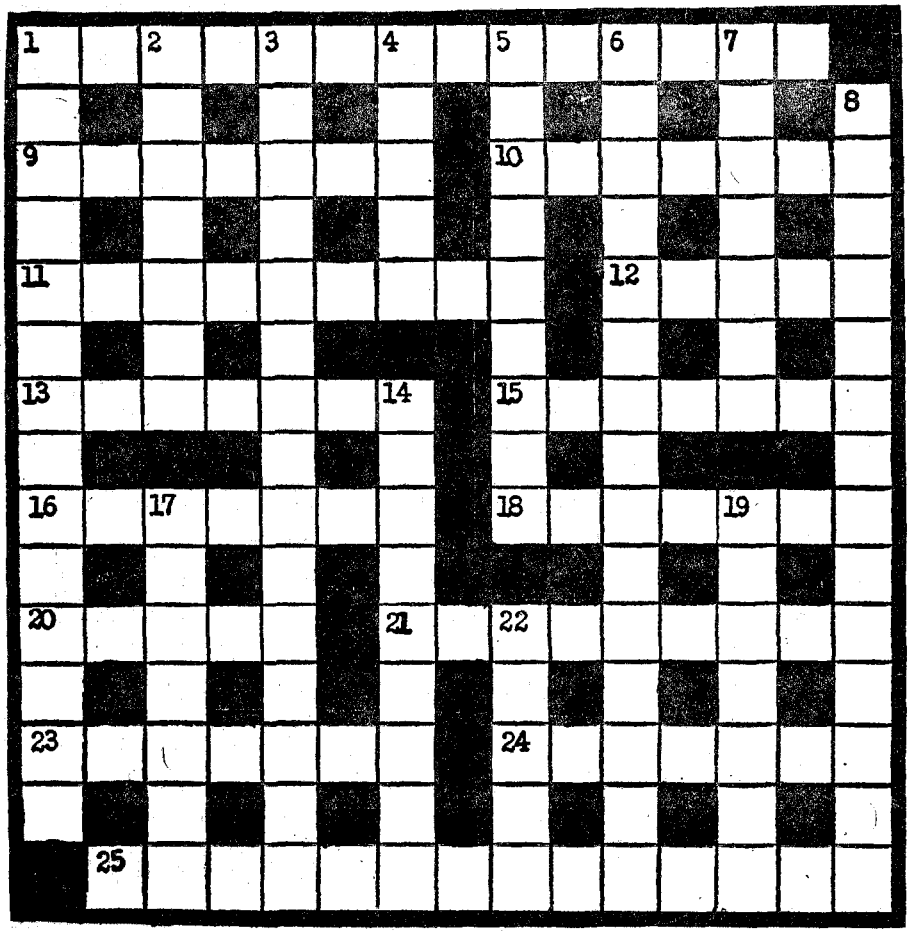
Crossword Puzzle No. 1055

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Her circle, and the French, and a word of hesitation for the lovers. (4, 3, 7)
9 Is there a naval man in town? (7)
10 Is, or is not, a variation of the twist? (7)
11 Change Mama's environment—some still remember her in song. (4, 5)
12 Go quickly as the wind! (5)
13 Found what the leader did about a tailored coat? (7)
15 One might find this in epinephrine —by itself it's a gland. (7)
16 Is part of the car a casualty away down south? (7)
18 Acting like Bok. (7)
20 Ben Ezra, for example. (5)
21 Should there be a point to what follows the subject of a poetic week-end? (It's split in the end.) (6, 3)
23 He said Will and Intellect are one and the same thing. (7)
24 They get blown or rubbed. (7)
25 It necessitates the weakening of the spirit. (7, 3, 4)

DOWN:

1 One doesn't print the water mark, however! (9, 5)
2 What might be run with tailless mice implies some wine. (7)
3 One relies on them on the flight, but not on the landing. (9, 6)
4 Dared to be so in the past. (5)
5 Uproot? (9)
6 Orange country. (8, 7)
7 Discover and Red's kin. (7)
8 The smartest ones in the class? (14)
14 Profane. (9)
17 Refuse to make it? Nonsense! (7)
19 Medium, perhaps, but the very devil as to its makeup. (7)
22 Old flute associated with a couple of joints we might know. (5)

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ACROSS: 1 Booby prizes; 9 Martinet; 11 Ruffian; 12 Minnows; 14 Snatch; 17 Twopence; 20 Ambits; 22 Stature; 24 and 10 Run true to form; 26 Ormolu; 27 Outflank; 28 Insecticide. DOWN: 2 Out of step; 3 and 15 Beneath contempt; 4 Pets; 5 Istrian; 6 Elfin; 7 Saturn; 8 Grow up; 13 Aches; 16 Embattled; 18 Waterspout; 19 Nurture; 20 Aquatic; 21 Truant; 23 Thorn.

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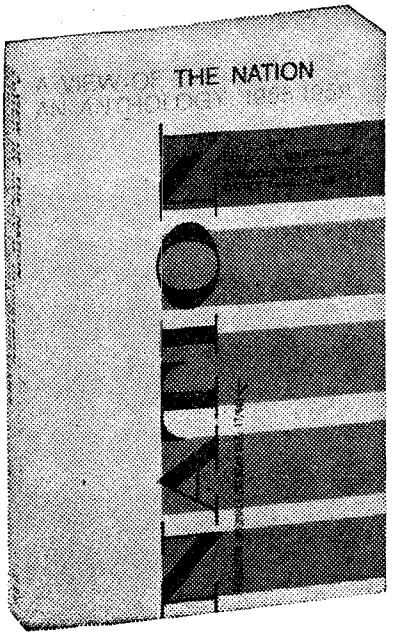

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